

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXIV. No. 2136

London
June 3, 1942



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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
JUNE 3, 1942

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Reported Missing, 28 March, 1942: A Great R.A.F. Leader

Group Captain F. V. Beamish, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.

"Victor Beamish was an outstanding personality of Fighter Command. Thirty-seven years old when war broke out — too old, according to accepted standards, to participate in modern high-speed aerial combat — it was impossible to keep him on the ground, even when employed on the staff. In the Dunkirk operations, the Battle of Britain and the offensive by Fighter Command, he established his claim to rank with the greatest fighter pilots of all time. An idealist without any thought of self, he was a gallant Squadron Commander and an inspiring Station Commander. But he will be best remembered for his magnificent and infectious courage as a brilliant and fearless leader of the fighter pilots whose interests were so dear to him, and who loved him so well." This brief appreciation was written by Air Vice-Marshal T. L. Leigh-Mallory, C.B., D.S.O., who commanded the Group in which Victor Beamish operated as a fighter pilot. The picture is from a portrait by Cuthbert Orde



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Far Eastern Problems

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is always keenly alive to any developments in China. He must have been as perturbed as many people in Whitehall by the appearance of articles in American papers with distinctly an anti-British note. The authoress has been no other than Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese Generalissimo. There seems to be no reasonable explanation for her outbreak, following so closely on her visit to India, where she and her husband were guests of the Viceroy. Naturally the sorry story of the Burma campaign must have sorely afflicted the Chinese Government. But there may be other reasons for Madame Chiang Kai-shek's criticisms. Chiang Kai-shek is a good negotiator, and there's something more than renewed political undertakings he would like from the British Government at this time.

Western Front

M. STALIN must ever be watchful of happenings in China, but more particularly what the Japanese might do in Siberia. Even so,

he is keenly interested in the West. He wants Britain to open a second front. There's no doubt that eventually we shall do this. But clearly the War Cabinet will make no hasty decision. In a perfect world politics would not be allowed to interfere with military strategy. That politics do interfere is a fact we must face; and so must the War Cabinet. All the same, there's too much talk about the Second Front. It may fool Hitler for a time, which is all to the good. But it does add to the burdens of Cabinet Ministers.

In this matter Stalin, as opposed to Hitler, appears to hold the best card. As I see the situation, Stalin is as anxious as Hitler that hostilities shall be ended this year. Neither can face the prospect of another winter at war with equanimity. The Russians are not without their food problems, although their will to resist under all privations is indomitable. Hitler also has food problems, but on the top of these he has a weary population, millions of unwilling slaves, and a declining munitions output. German industrial organisation declines into chaos with every day that passes. In normal circumstances one would wishfully speculate that rather than face prospects of continued war, the people of Germany would turn on the Nazi Party and dethrone Hitler. But who could do this most effectively? The Army. But can the Army admit defeat at the hands of the Russians? I don't think so. But Stalin is luckier than Hitler because he can call on his Allies, urge them to open a Second Front and thus divert some of the pressure from his armies. Hitler has no friends he can call on.

Bluff, More Bluff

I DEFEY anybody to make head or tail of the recent news out of Germany. Goering makes a most un-Goering-like speech. The broadcast is picked up in London, but the telephone wires from Germany to Sweden are closed. German papers print very little of the speech. They certainly do not print the gloomiest part. Hitler comes back from the Eastern Front, ostensibly to attend a State funeral of one of his Nazi hierarchy. Ten men at Mannheim are executed for Communistic activities; but the people of Germany are not told this. Only the outside world is told. Then Hitler sacks Darre, the Nazi Minister of Agriculture, who is accused of muddling the organisation of food supply. Darre is one of Hitler's oldest friends; and a confirmed believer in the Nazi doctrine of the Herrenvolk. What does all this mean? It would not be a surprise to me if Hitler has not had a lot of trouble. He may have come back from the Eastern Front specially to deal with Goering, and his moans. On the other hand it would be safer to assume that Hitler and his man Goebbels are trying to trick us. They are trying to impress us with their troubles in order that our complacency will increase and our desire, which Stalin shares, for a second front will diminish in the belief that peace is round the corner. Clearly President Roosevelt and Mr. Cordell Hull have realised this danger. They have warned the American people that peace may be a long way off. Hitler's trick—if it be a trick—has not been successful in this country, or shall



Captain and Mrs. P. H. G. Wright

Captain Paul Hervé Giraud Wright, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Mrs. Beatrice Rathbone, M.P., widow of Flight Lieutenant John Rathbone, M.P., were married quietly on May 23, in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster. Captain Wright is the son of Mrs. Richard Wright, of The Garth, Bassaleg, Monmouthshire. Commander Paul Hammond, U.S.N.R., the bride's uncle, gave her away, and Capt. Stephen Watts was bestman.

we say not completely successful. There are some people who are impressed by the reports out of Germany. They are people in high position. But I am glad to say that they keep a tight hold on themselves.

Italy and France

PIERRE LAVAL is a politician who believes in his own political acumen. He's either in the biggest jam he's ever been in, or, he too, is playing a clever game to trick us. The German propaganda about the possibility of Laval's dismissal from office was followed by a sharp note from Italy demanding Corsica and Nice. Mussolini massed Italian soldiers on the frontier to back the words in his Note. I have always been told that if anything was likely to arouse the French people from the depths of their disillusionment it would be a display of Italian arrogance. Mussolini's gambit is only just opening, and we cannot foretell what will happen, or what Laval will do. But if France and Italy fall out, there is a new problem for Hitler, and all of this must work out to our advantage. News from Italy is confusing, but there are some indications that she has undergone—and may still be undergoing—some internal convulsion. Mussolini may therefore have made his demands on France to avert the crisis which is upon him.

Anglo-American Co-operation

IT may be that before long American Air Force units will be actively co-operating with the R.A.F. in this country. The arrival of Lieut.-General Arnold, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Force, and Rear-Admiral John Towers, Chief of the U.S. Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, appears to indicate this and that possibly they have come over to work out on the spot the details of the principles agreed on by General Marshall when he came to see Mr. Churchill some time ago. Germany has had a number of raidless nights of late, but soon we may hope the combined forces



Admiral Sir Arthur Cunningham for Washington

Admiral Sir Arthur Cunningham, G.C.B., D.S.O., is replacing Sir Charles Little as Head of the British Admiralty Delegation in Washington. The Admiral has been Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet since 1939. His brother is Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Cunningham, who rendered such brilliant service in Abyssinia, and who became G.O.C. of the 8th Army in November last year.



The Wife, Daughter and Grand-daughter of a Field Marshal

Mrs. Smuts, wife of Field Marshal Smuts, Commander-in-Chief of the South African Armed Forces, is seen here with her daughter, Mrs. J. Coaton and her grand-daughter, Sybilla. Mrs. Smuts works hard for the welfare and entertainment of soldiers in South Africa. This year's Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts was awarded to Field Marshal Smuts. "Statesman, soldier, scientist and philosopher" was inscribed on the medal



Queen Mary Lends a Hand With the Saw

Queen Mary's seventy-fifth birthday was on May 26, when she received congratulations from all over the Empire. It was celebrated at her home in the West Country by a concert, at which the guests were troops stationed in the neighbourhood. She is seen in the grounds with some of the soldiers. Her Majesty spends much of her time visiting the local A.R.P., Civil Defence workers, and evacuees in the region

of Britain and America will render most nights sleepless for the Germans. It seems that the American units may operate under the separate command of their own officers.

Lieut.-General Arnold learned to fly with the Wright brothers, he holds the second pilot's certificate granted in the United States, and he has the longest record of continuous flying of any army pilot. In wartime he is one of the hardest workers in Washington, but in peace time he writes children's stories and makes a lot of money out of his labours. Rear-Admiral Towers, in his fifty-seventh year, still pilots his own machine. In 1919 he commanded the first flight of naval aircraft across the Atlantic. Major-General Dwight Eisenhower, who seven years ago was assistant to General MacArthur in the Philippines, has also come with the Mission. He is Chief of the Operations Section of the American Army General Staff.

Labour Spellbinder

MR. HERBERT MORRISON, with his tuft of unruly hair and very perky style, showed at the Labour Party's Annual Conference that he still knows how to spellbind his own people. In recent months Mr. Morrison's popularity seemed to be on the wane in the House of Commons. This may have been due to the difficulties of his duties of Home Secretary. Then he made a speech at Blackpool advocating justice for the Germans after the war. This angered many people in the House of Commons more than anything else. They couldn't make out what Mr. Morrison was about. But in blithe spirits he justified the speech to the conference delegates, told them bluntly of many of their failings, warned that we must work harder to win the war, and got rousing cheers.

Mr. Morrison declared that all parties, including the Labour Party, were guilty of mistakes before the war. Obviously he had in mind the Labour Party's attitude towards rearmament. I think Mr. Morrison was

letting his own people off very lightly. The Labour Party were very blind before the war. Blind to the responsibilities of Empire, blind to our safety. The Conservative Party made the mistake of not standing up to the Labour Party. They shirked the robust requirements of politics and allowed the Labour Party to become the party of pampered politicians. This is one of the reasons why Labour has not produced an outstanding statesman in these times of crisis. I except Sir Stafford Cripps. He suffered and was victimised by the Labour Party because of his courage and conviction. Even now the Labour Party demonstrate that they live in the clouds. There is very little reality in the many resolutions that they passed at their conference. I do believe that it is blind hypocrisy and overweening conceit to spend so much time talking about the conditions which will prevail after the war which we have not yet won.

New Treasury Head

SIR ARTHUR STREET is to be Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and head of Britain's army of civil servants which grows bigger every day. He succeeds Sir Horace Wilson, who is going into retirement after a remarkable career which suddenly was blazoned by the arc lights of publicity in every part of the world. He was wrongly supposed to be the man responsible for the Munich peace pact. There's no doubt he had a lot to do with it, for he was the then Prime Minister's right-hand man. But the personality of the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain was much stronger than Sir Horace Wilson's. Although his quiet voice had a firm timbre, his appearance was mouse-like and his attitude one of self-effacement. For years he worked in the Ministry of Labour as a conciliation officer. It was the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley who discovered in him administrative qualities of a high order. Lord Baldwin took him out of the Ministry of Labour and put him into Downing Street as an industrial adviser. Mr.

Neville Chamberlain then discovered that Sir Horace might also be a diplomat. So without any experience of diplomacy, Sir Horace found himself in the midst of great events towards the end of the summer of 1938. Truly his has been a remarkable career!

Sir Arthur Street is big and bland; a model civil servant, who would be tipped as a bureaucrat in any company.



C.-in-C.s of Allied Forces in the S.W. Pacific

General Sir Thomas Blamey, C.-in-C. of Allied land forces, and General MacArthur, Supreme Commander of all Allied forces in the S.W. Pacific, were photographed together. General MacArthur recently received America's highest military award, the Congressional Medal of Honour, for his magnificent defence of the Philippines. General Blamey was formerly the Australian Commander in the Middle East. Vice-Admiral Leary, C.-in-C. Combined Naval Force, and Major-General Brett, C.-in-C. Allied Air Forces are also serving under General MacArthur

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By George Campbell

Decline and Fall in Shanghai

SOMEbody in New York, about fifteen years ago, wrote a play called, I don't quite know why, *The Shanghai Gesture*. It was all fearfully daring. The scene was "the biggest brothel in the world," the proprietress was known as Madam Goddam, and the most spectacular scene, if I remember rightly, was the auctioning of a dozen Chinese jades, each exhibited to the trade in a neat little bamboo cage, to the accompaniment of lively twitterings. Whether the collection included Poppy, daughter of that heartless philanderer and all-round scoundrel, Sir Guy Charteris (wasn't he then a general, by the way?) I can't remember; but she was certainly around, encouraged to gamble, drink, drug and wanton, as part of the vengeance planned by Madam Goddam on her aristocratic English betrayer.

In London the Lord Chamberlain refused the play a licence. It was produced one Sunday night and the critics for once had kind words to say about censorship. In New York out-of-town devotees of the Drama flocked to see a bordello bigger than the one off Main Street, and the show ran a year or two; and of course, some smart Hollywood producer rushed to buy it. Inevitably the Hays office imposed a ban, and so all these years the manuscript has lain yellowing, if not exactly mellowing, until somebody supposed it worth the trouble of disinfection.

Now Arnold Pressburger and Josef von Sternberg have assumed this high office. The story has been "adapted by Mr. von Sternberg with the collaboration of Geza Herczeg, Karl Vollmoeller and Jules Furthman," with our own Albert de Courville as associate producer; and a more pretentiously imbecile picture than *The Shanghai Gesture* which is now at the London Pavilion I never expect to see. The sanitary process has resulted in Madam Goddam being renamed Mother Gin Sling. Poppy still carries on like a drunken trollop,

but there is no reference to drugs and the most sensationally amorous scene has her being kissed furtively at a bar, behind a cloak, by a gentleman who calls himself "Doctor Omar" and recites a verse of the Rubaiyat now and then, when pressed. Sir Guy Charteris (pronounced carefully in three syllables) must have been a bit more difficult, but even he has been whitewashed. Did he desert his young Chinese bride, rob her of her inheritance and leave their child for dead? No, no, a thousand times no, though I dare say it may have looked that way to Mother Gin Sling—I mean Lady Charteris. He believed his wife was dead, just as she believed her child was dead. Her £20,000 has been on deposit in her name (and I don't mean Mother Gin Sling) in a good sound Tientsin bank all these years, though of course she didn't know that. (The complete failure of communications in China, in the days before the New Order came, is one of the most curious features of the story.)

As for the child, which of us can listen to Madam's plan of vengeance, and watch her gloatingly strike back at Charteris through Poppy, and still doubt that she will learn too late that the soiled (or at least alcoholic) dove is really her own daughter? In the circumstances there doesn't seem to be much that she can do about Poppy, except pick up a handy automatic and put her out of her misery; and nobody who sits through Miss Gene Tierney's crudely amateurish performance can deny that, no matter what her morals, Madam is a sound enough critic. It is a pity to see that great actor, Walter Huston, wasted on the role of Sir Guy; Ona Munson, who is new to me but looks as though she might be an actress, given half a chance, leers at the world through the slitted eyes of Mother Gin Sling; Victor Mature, regarded in

Hollywood as the successor to Valentino and John Gilbert, for reasons only to be explained in terms of hormones or something, contrived to wear a fez and recite Omar without looking too ridiculous; Albert Basserman, Eric Blore and Rex Evans fill in the background; and Maria Ouspenskaya spends most of her time standing behind Mother Gin Sling's chair without uttering a word. Considering the quality of the dialogue she may have been smart at that.

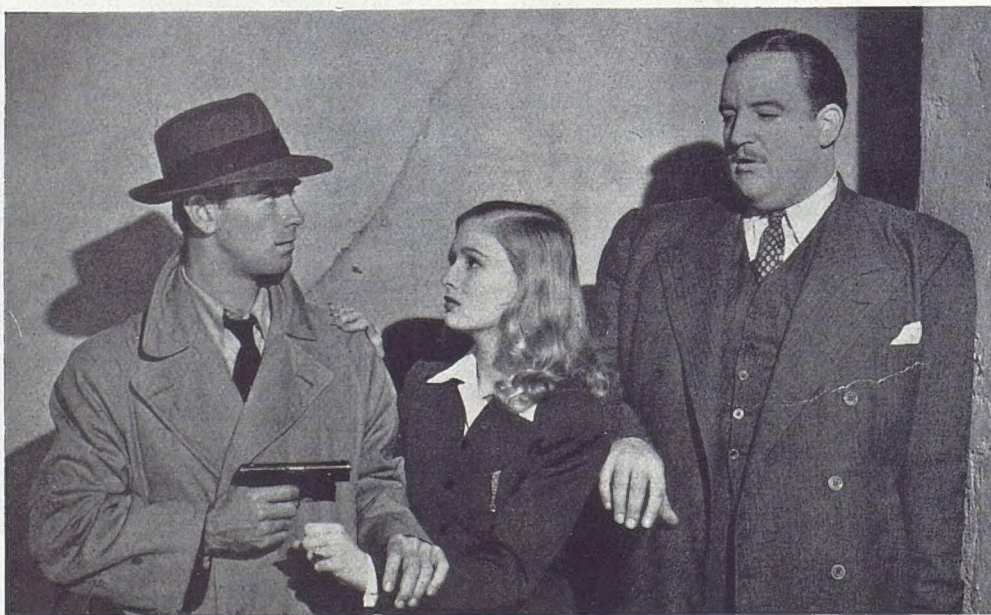
It only remains to add that this farrago was directed by von Sternberg, the man who made the unforgettable *Blue Angel*. Is it possible that he was superstitious enough to hope that his luck might be changed by a return to the scene of his last big success, *Shanghai Express*?

WHEN the German Consul in *Nazi Agent* (Empire) tries to kill his twin brother for refusing to help sabotage American munitions and ships, what happens? Quite so, quite so. The gentle, scholarly brother kills him, poses as the Consul and gives away the plotters to the F.B.I. Naturally there are awkward moments when the pseudo-baron steps into his brother's shoes. Which is his suite? Where does he hang his hat? The lady playing the piano—who is she and what are their relations? What is his office routine, and how does he open his safe? Altogether not the sort of role most of us would like to play for our lives; and on the whole the film exploits the suspense effectively and not too incredibly. Even the cleverest of us might forget the risk of a valet spotting a scar on the back, though it seems an unfortunate place to receive a bayonet wound; and it was tough luck to be given away by the singing of an affectionate canary, only vocal in the neighbourhood of the brother presumed to be dead. Forgetting that Conan Doyle took good care to build up Moriarty as the second cleverest man in England—"I feel a foil, Watson, as quick and supple as my own"—our British producers almost invariably make the enemy a lot of half-wits; with the natural result that instead of the tension of a needle match between Yorkshire and Lancashire you get Sutcliffe and Leyland having fun with Sheffield Y.M.C.A. Hollywood is shrewder. Crooks and police generally show at least as much intelligence as one would oneself, and one can't ask fairer than that; and when you get a spy thriller the technical methods used are often extremely ingenious.

THE one thing that may puzzle some fans about *Nazi Agent* is why the fake Consul, to prevent his secretary denouncing an unwilling girl accomplice to the police, has to pull a Sydney Carton and sail back to Germany and death, with a last fond lingering look at the Statue of Liberty, when it would have been reasonably safe to rely on the F.B.I. not brutalising an attractive brunette, and safer still to bump off the fellow and earn the thanks of a grateful nation. But there—you know what they say about critics. "Always quibble, quibble, Mr. Campbell," as Prince Albert remarked, with something less than his usual affability, after my notice of one of his magic lantern quickies at the Palace.

Conrad Veidt, seen too seldom on the screen these days, plays the brothers with his usual authority and charm; Ann Ayars (another newcomer to me) is most sympathetic as the girl accomplice; and Martin Kosleck brings power and razor intelligence to the part of the Consul's secretary. *Nazi Agent* was produced in Hollywood by Irving Asher, for many years head of Warners' studios at Teddington, and two other people familiar to London, Lothar Mendes and Paul Gangelin, worked on the story.

[Mr. James Agate is indisposed but hopes to resume his film article next week.]



"This Gun For Hire" at The Plaza

Adapted from the novel by Graham Greene, "This Gun for Hire," directed by Frank Tuttle, gives Veronica Lake a highly dramatic role. She plays the part of a night-club entertainer who succeeds in unmasking the identity of a fifth columnist gang who plan to sell a new poison gas formula to the enemy. Robert Preston plays the police officer, Alan Ladd the young killer, and Laird Cregar the fifth columnist. (Above) Veronica Lake is seen with Alan Ladd and Laird Cregar

Previously Banned by Lord Chamberlain
and Hays Office, "Shanghai Gesture"
Comes to London



Mother Gin Sling, Mistress of
Shanghai's Underworld (Ona Munson)

Shanghai Gesture, directed by Josef "Blue Angel" von Sternberg, is at the London Pavilion. On the opposite page, George Campbell tells of the banning of the play by the Lord Chamberlain some years ago. It is the story of Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson) the fascinating and glamorous mistress of Shanghai's underworld. Her business is threatened by an Englishman, Sir Guy Charteris (Walter Huston) who is attempting to clean up Shanghai. Mother Gin Sling recognises Sir Guy as the man who loved and left her years ago. She gets her revenge on his daughter, Victoria (Gene Tierney) by introducing the girl to the terrible underworld of vice which she rules. Victoria falls under the spell of Dr. Omar (Victor Mature), a Levantine mystic. It is in Mother Gin Sling's moment of vengeful victory when she leads the degraded girl back to her father, that she learns the bitter truth—that she has destroyed her own daughter.



Dr. Omar and the Girl he Ruins
(Victor Mature and Gene Tierney)



Sir Guy Charteris and His Daughter
(Walter Huston and Gene Tierney)



Ruined spiritually and morally Victoria
Charteris is Returned to Her Father

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Awake and Sing (Arts Theatre Club)

IN the theatre, as in other fields of adventure, idealists are apt to meet with less than their deserts. This ancient and treacherous institution has a fatal fascination for amateurs whose zeal outruns discretion. Innocence of life, or dreams of perfection, blind them to their own technical shortcomings, and cold fact snubs warm endeavour. One's heart, indeed, tends to sink at the announcement of new expeditions against this stronghold of Philistia.

For this reason, if for no other, it is to be hoped that the Arts Theatre Group of Actors—good professionals who have banded themselves together “to present unusual but theatre-worthy and genuinely entertaining plays of a type not often seen in the commercial theatre”—will meet with the success their inaugural production deserves.

Awake and Sing, by Clifford Odets, fulfils the terms of this manifesto. It is described as “a play of Jewish family life in the Bronx district of New York.” Does that sound discouraging? Not if one recalls *Golden Boy*, a previous play by the same author. This, you may remember, introduced us to a minor branch of the American boxing fraternity and, among contingent privileges, made us free of the manners, customs and choicer parts of speech current among these mixed and pithy persons.

Clifford Odets is a dramatist with a punch. Having the courage of his own artistic convictions, he defers to the classics neither in form nor idiom. He holds the mirror up to human nature as he himself passionately observes it, and he translates what that mirror reflects in terms that have the attractive shine and sharpness of newly-minted coinage. A connoisseur in phrases, he creates them with the zest of a child or a poet.

Above all, he has a heart, and is moved to special tenderness by the dreams of troubled youth. The fretful fevers of adolescence claim his sympathies, for he also is an idealist and has social vision. As an artist, he responds to the nostalgic trend of old-age reveries, and is just to virtuous failure and blameless inefficiency. He is the champion of those whose dreams and desires are at odds with hostile reality.

His chief characters include small-part heroes with big but amorphous ideas; and the

drama he sets them to play is often an apology for the discrepancy between their expectations of life and their capacity for living. With some, the dream that disappoints is crudely material and has a cash basis. These provide tragi-comedy. With others, particularly the eager young or the resigned old, those dreams are tinged with a kind of aniline poetry, the colours of which are fugitive, and fade with exposure to the bleaching winds of circumstance.

So is it here. His characters are a three-

matriarch, one of those mothers in Israel with an eye ever on the main chance for her family's benefit. Her vaporous old father, futile husband, and restless son all disappoint her as men will. And her daughter, a more guarded but dangerous dreamer, goes her own secret way, which leads her into trouble and an arranged but tragic marriage to hide her shame.

THE weaving of these social, racial, economic and emotional threads provides such plot as there is. But that is not the play's strength. It is less the narrative tension than the vivid handling of character that gives the work of Mr. Odets its distinction. His characters have a tendency to talk as it were in inverted commas; as if to them also the play of words and the coining of phrases were an irresistible temptation. Their idiom may be elusive at times—though not to American film fanciers



Miss Lilly Kann, an actress new to this country, gives a comprehensive study of the fiercely dominating mother. On the left is Grandfather Jacob (Martin Miller) an old man who finds American progress hard to understand.

Moe Axelrod (Julian Somers), a man who lost a leg in the last war and refuses to forget it, is in love with Hennie, the daughter of the house.

generational family group of variously acclimatised immigrants from Europe: the old grandfather, an ex-patriot of Odessa, deep sunk in dreams of the past, his daughter, hard-working and severely practical, and her all-but-Americanised son and daughter. Life has disappointed the old man and left him with a gentle pessimism that finds relief in gramophone music and Hebraic rhetoric, and compensation in fostering the dreams of his grandson.

The outstanding character, a bridge of hard common sense between the dreamers, is the mother, mainstay of the home, and its uncompromising arbiter. She is a single-purposed

—but their emotions find the frank and full expression of life.

As the mother is this play's outstanding character, so her impersonation by Miss Lilly Kann (a refugee actress) is this production's outstanding performance. It is firm, technically accomplished, and brilliantly expressive. But none of their opportunities find any member of the cast wanting.

This first production augurs well. It will be followed by *Twelfth Night*, with Jean Forbes-Robertson, *The Sulky Fire*, by Jean Jacques Bernard, and Clifford Bax's *Socrates*, all worth while, and each full of opportunity for actors and producer.



(Left) Sam Feinschreiber, the lonely foreigner, Uncle Morty, who has found success of a kind, and Hennie (Denys Blakelock, Harry Ross and Vivienne Bennett)

Sketches by
Tom Titt

(Right) Ralph, the Berger's son, is played by Richard Attenborough. Beside him sits his father, Myron Berger (John Ruddock)





Ophelia and the Queen of Denmark

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Typical of the magnificent costumes designed by Leslie Hurry for the Sadler's Wells production of *Hamlet* are the dresses of Ophelia and the Queen. Both in colouring and design they are exquisite. Margot Fonteyn as Ophelia stands with Celia Franca, the Queen, against a background of Leslie Hurry's original sketches. On the extreme left the finished design for the costume of the pall bearers may be recognised. Next to it, hangs the sketch of Ophelia's dress, then the design for a Lady of the Court, the Queen, and finally, the Page. Leslie Hurry is a young artist who has never worked for the theatre before. His decor and dresses for Robert Helpmann's second ballet, *Hamlet*, have marked him as a man of whom further great things may be expected in the future

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Queen Mary's Birthday

IN peacetime, Queen Mary's seventy-fifth birthday would have been the occasion for big-scale celebrations; but this year the royal anniversary passed almost unnoticed, though the little post office in the village where Her Majesty is living had to call for extra staff to deal with the rush of telegrams and messages that came pouring in from all over the Empire. There were no ceremonies to mark the day, not even a family lunch-party, in keeping with Queen Mary's own resolve to have no celebration till peace comes again. What touched the Queen as much as any of the messages she received were the tokens from the village folk who have grown to love her in her two and a half years' stay with them, and from the soldiers of one of her own regiments who, billeted in her house, act as Her Majesty's special guard.

Orchids for Dollars

AT first sight, there is not much to connect orchid-growing with the war effort, but some of our most peaceful activities have taken on a different and very warlike aspect. Major the Hon. "Harry" Tufton, son and heir of Lord Hothfield, who is on the staff of Southern Command H.Q., has found that the hobby, which has been one of his main interests for years, has suddenly blossomed forth as a patriotic work of importance. It is not that the orchid-growers are searching for a sort of Wellsian poison flower to use on our enemies, but merely a question of currency. Orchid plants are light, take up little room, are easily transportable, and are eagerly sought after by rich American collectors, who contribute valuable dollar reserves to our credit in New York as a result of the painstaking effort of orchid-lovers over here. Racing folk know Major Tufton well, for another of his activities, this one much curbed by the war, is being a Steward of the Jockey Club.

Old Friends

THE KING and Queen met a number of old friends during their day with the Guards Armoured Division. One of them was Lieut.-Colonel Henry Abel Smith, who married His

Majesty's first cousin, the former Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Athlone. Colonel Abel Smith, who was in The Blues before the war, now commands a battalion of the new Household Cavalry.

Another battalion commander to whom the King and Queen had a long talk was Lieut.-Colonel Ririd Myddelton, whose tall, upright figure was a familiar figure at pre-war Courts and other royal occasions, when he was Deputy Master of the Household. Colonel Myddelton, who is a Coldstreamer, left the royal service



Lady Nuttall Marries Again *Harlip*

On May 21st Lady Nuttall married Major Edward Kirkpatrick, R.E., younger son of Sir Cyril and Lady Kirkpatrick, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. She was Miss Gytha Burgess, and her former husband, Lieut.-Colonel Sir E. Keith Nuttall, R.E., of Lowesby Hall, Leicestershire, was killed on active service in August 1941

and Aimée Stuart, the playwright. Those of the company whom they met included Ninette de Valois, its clever director, Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn and Constant Lambert. The entire proceeds of the performance were given to Mrs. Churchill's Aid To Russia Fund.

Performance and People

"HAMLET" is the second ballet devised by Robert Helpmann, and it is brilliantly successful—more of a mime than a ballet, with a wonderful pictorial quality, strange and dream-like, distilling the very essence of Hamlet from his subconscious—"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil must give us pause." Leslie Hurry's surrealist decor and gloriously coloured costumes are a very important part, and so is the lovely Tchaikovsky music, an overture he wrote for the play, which is used without adaptation being necessary. The house was packed, and madly enthusiastic. Captain Noel Annon, whose name I spelt wrong last time, was there, also Captain Bobbie Jenkinson, whose wife, formerly Miss Gwyneth Matthews,

(Continued on page 298)

Wife of a Naval V.C.

Mrs. Ryder is the wife of Commander R. E. Dudley Ryder, R.N., who was recently awarded the V.C. for great gallantry while in charge of the naval forces taking part in the attack on St. Nazaire. She was Miss H. Green-Wilkinson before her marriage in April last year

"for the duration" at the beginning of the war, to rejoin his regiment. There are now scarcely any men of military age left on the King's personal staff, and the work at Buckingham Palace is being carried on by a skeleton organisation, with many officials doing double duties.

New Ballet

THE Soviet Ambassador and Mrs. Maisky sat with Mrs. Winston Churchill in the front row of the dress circle on the first night of the Sadler's Wells company's exciting new ballet *Hamlet*, and there was a reception afterwards at which they met the dancers, changed from Danish to day clothes.

The Prime Minister's daughter, Mrs. Vic Oliver, was with her mother, and others of the audience also at the reception were Lady Juliet Duff, very tall and distinguished, Lord Iliffe, Dame Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, Mrs. Howard Wyndham, Mr. Reginald McKenna



At a Dance for M.T.C. Welfare Funds

Mrs. J. Stobo Prichard, Major Victor Dean, M.C., and Lady Gilian Wooller attended the dance at the City Hall, Cardiff. Lady Gilian is a daughter of the Earl of Plymouth, and married Mr. Wilfred Wooller, R.A., last September



Lady Diana Hamilton-Russell took her small son, James, to be a page at her sister-in-law's wedding. She is the wife of the bride's second brother, Captain the Hon. John Hamilton-Russell, and is the Earl of Dartmouth's daughter

The Master of Forbes Marries the Hon. Rosemary Hamilton-Russell in London



Henry Clive, in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards of 1805, was one of the three young pages at the wedding. He left the church with his father, Lieut.-Colonel Archer Clive, and his sister, Sally. The other pages were the Hon. Patrick Anson and James Hamilton-Russell, both three years old



Swabe

Above: the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood went to see their niece, the Hon. Rosemary Hamilton-Russell, married to the Master of Forbes. They were photographed leaving the church with the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hamilton-Russell and Viscount Boyne, who succeeded his grandfather in January. The bride's mother, Lady Boyne, is a sister of Lord Harewood

Left: Major the Hon. Richard Hamilton-Russell, Lord Boyne and his grandmother, Lady Boyne, received the guests at the reception. They are the brother, nephew and mother of the bride, and Major Hamilton-Russell gave his sister away



Captain the Master of Forbes, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Rosemary Hamilton-Russell were married on May 23rd at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the only son of Lord and Lady Forbes, of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, and his bride is the only daughter of the late Viscount Boyne and Lady Boyne. The Dean of Windsor performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. H. R. Norton, and the wedding reception was held at Claridges. Miss Hamilton-Russell wore white lace and carried lilies of the valley



Major Griffin, Canadian Seaforth, was with Sir George Ogilvie Forbes, British Minister Plenipotentiary to Cuba, and Lord Sempill at the reception after the wedding



Swabe

Another guest at the wedding reception was Sir Louis Knuthsen. He has been Physician-in-Ordinary to the Princess Royal since 1935

Social Round-about

(Continued)

a ballet-dancer, has just had a baby; Mr. Felix Hope-Nicolson, now in the Army; Sir Kenneth Clark, Mr. Terence Rattigan, in Air Force uniform (he chose the same name as the successful film, *Next of Kin*, for his new play, so had to think again); Miss Joyce Carey, Mr. John Rothenstein, Mr. Eric Portman, the film actor; Lady Hudson, Mrs. Phillipines, and Leslie Hurry, young and pale, with pale hair: it is to be hoped that his own work gave him as much pleasure as it did everyone else.

Racing at Windsor

THERE was a big crowd at Windsor racing last week-end, in spite of both days being wet. As usual, there was a lot of khaki, and this time a good smattering of naval blue. One of the first people I saw in khaki was Colonel Jack Speed, with his wife and step-daughter Angela Leaf. Another member of the Household Cavalry was Captain Gar Emmet and his wife, who is one of Lord Portman's tall sisters. Lord Portman, who was also there, was challenged for height this time by Mr. Henry Garnett, also Household Cavalry; he was there with his wife, and I saw them chatting with the Countess of Petre, a bride of last year, better remembered as Miss Peggy Hamilton. Another bride was Mrs. Warre, who before her marriage was Miss Arabelle Mackintosh, and is one of the Duke of Devonshire's nieces. The Hon. Robert Watson was in his A.T.A. uniform, and I saw his sister-in-law, Lady Manton, with Mrs. Murray-Smith, who was wearing an amusing hat—like a black ice-cream cornet! Lady Irene Crawford braved the weather and went to see the horses in the paddock with her husband, as did Lady Ursula Vernon, Lady Viola Dundas, Lord Grimthorpe, Mrs. Geoff. Harbord, and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

Other Spectators

MRS. DEREK PARKER BOWLES was discussing form with pretty Mrs. Van Cutsen, née Mary Compton, who had on a long coat in the

most glorious shade of red, and one of the new halo berets. Miss Sarah Norton was another wearing an attractive long coat, hers being large checks in many colours. The Hon. Mrs. Robin Grosvenor, very neat in navy blue, was high up in the stand out of the rain, as were Lord and Lady Sefton, the latter wrapped in mink, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mrs. Pat Smyly, Diana Mills that was, and Mrs. Kingscote. The stage was well represented by Miss Frances Day, wearing a stranded fur coat and snood on her fair hair, Mr. Vic Oliver, Mr. Hugh Williams and producer Mr. Tony Havelock Allen.

Amongst the men I saw were Lord Portarlington, "Jumbo" Jolliffe, "Jaky" Astor, Lord Astor's son, George Beeby, Rupert Byass, and John Hislop, who was walking without sticks and has nearly recovered from his nasty fall at Cheltenham last winter.

People About

I SAW the Duchess of Buccleuch get into a bus, looking pretty in her coat and hat of dark green—a colour one doesn't see much these days. She had her daughter, pretty blonde Lady Elizabeth Scott, on leave from Chatham, with her, and her fiery-haired son, the young Earl of Dalkeith, who is going into the Navy as an ordinary seaman. Lady Elizabeth is a "Wren," and so is a friend of hers, Lady Anne Spencer, and they both work at the same depot.

Blonde Baroness Taxis, who makes successful handbags, to be bought in the best shops, was lunching with Mr. Tommy Cochran, Australian cousin of Australian C. B., and in Chelsea Mr. Shane Leslie, the Prime Minister's writer-cousin, sported three pips, and is head gas warden for the district. Mr. A. P. Herbert, bluff in his burly river-going uniform, stood his crew beer in a Chelsea pub, and in the same neighbourhood Augustus John mingled with the less great. Among the dancers at the Normandie one night was Miss Tania Price, daughter of Mr. Morgan Price, M.P.

Mr. Douglas Byng patronised the Brompton Road, looking smart—it will soon become quite fun to watch people's decline and fall from smart to the inevitably shabby, lying in wait for the richest and fussiest—already alarming combinations of Molyneux and mink with cotton stockings or bare legs are to be seen. The resourceful make underclothes and



Hay Wrightson

Lieut.-Col. H. E. Hambro and His Wife

In March 1941 the Dowager Countess Cadogan married Lieut.-Colonel Harold Everard Hambro, C.B.E., of Coldham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. Colonel Hambro, who is wearing Home Guard uniform in this picture, is a Director of Hambro's Bank. His wife was the widow of the sixth Earl Cadogan, and is the mother of the present one. She has two daughters

blouses out of worn sheets, and thin decorative curtains unhelpful to the black-out.

Red Cross in Essex

THE County Committee of the British Red Cross Society met in Chelmsford Shire Hall, with Lady Whitmore, President, presiding. (Concluded on page 312)



Preparing for London's National Flag Day for the Red Cross and St. John on June 9th

The Countess of Rosslyn and Mrs. Derek Saville answered the appeal to "give a little extra," and bought their flags early from Mrs. George Cresswell at the North Row Packing Centre for Prisoners of War. They were watched by two helpers who were tying up parcels. Lady Rosslyn is the widow of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn, who died in 1939

Some of those organising the flag day and some sellers are the Hon. Mrs. Philip Eary, Miss Leslie Hallam, Miss P. Langford Oliver, Madame Mollie Trelle, Mrs. Richard Jessel and Mrs. George Cresswell. Mrs. Jessel is one of the two joint organisers for the County of London and the other organiser is Mrs. Arthur Fawcus

The Duchess of Marlborough and Her Family

The Duchess of Marlborough and her two eldest daughters, Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who is twenty, and Lady Caroline, eighteen, are carrying on the Marlborough tradition of public service. While Lady Sarah works daily as a driller in a munition factory and Lady Caroline is washing up dishes at a communal restaurant, the Duchess, as Red Cross President for Oxfordshire, is organising her county's flag day from her offices in Blenheim Palace. She is literally doing all the work herself, collecting the flags and tins and enlisting the flag sellers. Every county throughout the country will be holding a flag day in the second week of June to raise as much money as possible for the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. The Duchess of Norfolk is organising a day for Sussex; the Duchess of Northumberland is doing the same for Surrey; and Lady Violet Astor and Lady Camden for Kent



Swaebe

Lady Rosemary, Lady Caroline and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill with Lord Blandford



L.N.A.

The Duchess at Her Office Desk in Blenheim Palace



Swaebe

The Duchess with Four of Her Five Children

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SOME of Fleet Street's caption boys, we observed, couldn't make up their minds whether that photograph of a recent Nazi round-up on the Boulevard de la Madeleine was a round-up on the Boulevard Haussmann or not. Actually it was a round-up in the Champs-Élysées, as a familiar shop-front showed.

Barring the guillotine functioning in the Place de la Concorde and the ceremonial whack of German jackboots down the avenue in 1871 and 1940, the Champs-Élysées has seen no previous rough stuff since the day it was driven so spectacularly through the Forest of Rouvray, outside the Porte St. Honoré, by order of Marie de Médicis; on which occasion 600 soldiers stood each by a sawn-through tree, and the trees all fell together when the trumpet sounded. The Etoile, somebody once told us, is the site of a Renaissance plague-pit in a marsh (masses of London plague-victims were buried outside Lord's, more appropriately). But when you, or at least we, think of the Champs-Élysées we think of pleasant things, springtime and trees in a foam of green and the Guignol and smart women shopping and the fountains of the Rond-Point and tea at Sherry's and windows full of gleaming automobiles. Some Paris streets, like the Boulevard Sébastopol and the Rue Haxo, are haunted with terror and evil, but the Champs-Élysées has always been a playground for children, and Nazi brutishness must shock it severely.

Afterthought

YOU obviously can't imagine a similar round-up in Piccadilly, because you know such things can't happen here. How are you, incidentally? Keeping fit? Good. And how's that little brother of yours with the two heads?

Row

ON many a *Messiah* score in Bradford—Sir George Dyson, President of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, urging music-lovers to throw out 20,000 tons of old music every year, says Bradford is full of copies of the *Messiah*—there must be red-ink marks on the Hallelujah Chorus showing where Uncle Joe blew his gasket at the Crystal Palace in 1888 and where Auntie May burst her poor old throttle at the Whit Monday singfest of 1893.

But for having handed the Race such a heavensent opportunity to roar its insides out, we doubt if Papa Handel would be so popular. His lovelier music is unknown to the average *Messiah* fan, just as the tender and beautiful verses following Dr. Watts's "Let dogs delight" are unknown to most critics who can quote the opening one. Our feeling is that jolly old redfaced Handel—unlike Wagner, who was a sadist and a pervert—was ashamed afterwards for creating and abetting so much uproar. So probably was Beethoven sorry for that *fff* passage in the *Leonora* No. 3. Citizens with burst



"Here, gentlemen, we built a large fort, flanked by crenellated bastions running south-east and east, united by a zigzag trench system to the five smaller forts placed fan-wise on the outer perimeter. And then the tide came and washed the lot away"

tympana reeled up and cried "Can't you see what hell it is? Must you do it?" Such sufferings gave Wagner all the delicious kick of La Wesendonck's first kiss.

Footnote

NOISE of this kind would not matter so much (compare Sean O'Faolain's observation on the Orange tom-toms) if it did not admittedly arouse great savagery in the performers' breasts. The wife-beating statistics of Bradford for the last fifty years would clear up this point, but we don't like to ask the Corporation for them, never having been properly introduced.

Grouse

ONE reason the Nazis have thrown over their Creator is clear from the recent complaint of Captain Netzbond of the Gneisenau about the North Seaboard. "No other great people has been so badly treated as regards its coastal approaches," growls the Captain, who has a personal grievance.

The answer may be that Germany was never intended to be a ramping great brutal Power but a mosaic of jolly, dullish, placid little States as in Goethe's time, oafish, sentimental, and harmless, drinking beer, eating sausage, smoking strong tobacco, and indulging in music and that cloudy brown philosophy which sounds impressive only because the German language takes twice as many words to express a given thought as any other. That normal Germany, abolished by Bismarck, might have been restored in some degree immediately after World War I. had not world-affairs been in the capable hands of a French professional politician and a Welch attorney. A lurking doubt assails us ("better lurk next time," as the actress said laughingly to the footpad) as to whether both boys might not have done civilisation more good with their eloquent heads firmly muffled in a haybag.

Next time . . .

Tip

THAT old scourge Beachcomber certainly rang the bell the other day when he said the easiest way to make a packet out of writing your memoirs nowadays is to concentrate on a whacking great index including every headline name you can think of.

(Concluded on page 302)



"They tell you they have no fish—but you usually get what you want if you insist"



Who Is It? Woad or Joad?

Drs. Joad and Woad

c/o Brains Trust, London

Dr. C. E. M. Joad paid a visit back-stage to meet Dr. Woad after seeing *Fine and Dandy*, the Firth Shephard show at the Saville Theatre. Woad, as impersonated by Leslie Henson in "Radio Round-Up," bears a striking resemblance to the famous Brains Trust broadcaster, and the two were photographed together in Leslie's dressing-room. Other personalities in this very successful sketch, written by Val Guest, are remarkably like the resident members of the Brains Trust. There is Stanley Holloway as the gallant buccaneering sailor, Rear-Admiral Camperdown; Gavin Gordon as the eminent scientist, Professor Aldwych Uxbridge, and Douglas Byng, the imperturbable Question Master. The reactions of Commander Campbell, Dr. Julian Huxley and Mr. Donald McCullough on seeing the sketch for the first time are not on record, but Dr. Joad evidently enjoyed the experience, and we have no doubt that on some future occasion we may hear the gallant Commander refer to his sensations when, "lying off the coast of Shaftesbury Avenue," he saw himself portrayed on the London stage for the first time



As Like As Two Peas

Standing By ...

(Continued)

This trick never fails with the suckers, even if, after looking up (for example) "Agate, James, 8, 15, 20, 25-47, 50, 56, 58, 64-79, 108, 145, 156, 189-224, 230, 245, 261, 289-365," the hamfaced reader turns feverishly to page 8 and finds, once and for all:

I never actually met Mr. James Agate, but I understand he is a charming person, very fond of Bernhardt and other horses.

Almost as profitable a trick, when writing biography, is to put a huge bibliography at the end, copying from encyclopædias and other sources the title of every book in the world bearing on your subject, however remotely, and thus knocking the hamfaced reader bowlegged with your learning and industry. The late regretted Archie Macdonell once played the brotherhood a dirty trick by writing a fine book on Napoleon's Marshals and adding a note saying (in effect) the hell with all bibliographies, they're just boloney. This did him no good with the serious critics, who assumed he'd done it all out of his own head, and serve him right.

Contretemps

WHEN Auntie Times says the Nazi authorities in Warsaw have been "embarrassed" by finding the restaurant notice "For Germans Only" affixed by Polish patriots to lamp-posts throughout the city it conjures up a dainty picture of blushes and fumbings, as if somebody had been telling the Nazis a rude story.

This use of "embarrassed" bobbed up most charmingly in the essay of a chap we once knew who was writing about the assassination of Marat. "Having stabbed Marat three times," he wrote, "and seeing his blood gushing into the bath, Charlotte

Corday was embarrassed." His tutor said "Why?" and this chap said "Because she was middle-class and had been nicely brought up, sir." "A Kensington type?" said his tutor, sarcastic-like, and this chap after some thought said "I should say personally, Queen's Gate, sir." According to him his tutor then fell backwards and passed out, having been drinking heavily, but this we doubt; you know what rowing men are, cracked hearts and no consciences.

Mirage

IF Niagara Falls, as Oscar Wilde said, are the first great disillusion in the married life of every honeymooning American couple, the Great White Way, now blacked-out for the duration, performed the same harsh but useful service at first sight for us, and doubtless for countless other visiting Europeans.

Broadway's lighting was admittedly skilful and overpowering, especially that gigantic fiery kitten playing with a ball of wool which dazzled Rupert Brooke, but the crowds were unbelievably scrubby, small-town, addicted to caps, loafing, and spitting peanut-shells, and lacking in glamour. We'd be the first to add that the normal Piccadilly crowd at night is no procession of exquisitely-attired Apollo Belvederes and sweetly gracious Koræ off the Acropolis either, and our tempered admiration of the mournful beauty of the Island Pan is well enough known to you by now; but one had expected the Broadway crowds somehow to match their much-publicised background in dash and allure. Most modern crowds never do, as any student of wild life at Brighton can assure himself on any Bank Holiday. Only



"Your bait fails to comply with the standard set by the Ministry of Food"

in Italy, in our experience, do you find a high percentage of well-graced pans in a crowd; but in Italy most of the peasantry look like Madonnas and Apostles by Old Masters anyhow.

Solution

MASKS are our simple solution for the post-war world; stylised masks on the best Greek models. There should be no difficulty about objections from the citizenry, for we gather that when Millennium dawns liberty will be compulsory.

Scourge

OUR frequent suggestion that little actresses should, when not actually making faces or reciting lines or hanging by their toes on the public stage, be kept in boxes, never fails to start some soppy humanitarian—generally in the Navy—bawling us out. But a new book about Charles Dickens shows once more how right we are.

Dickens, when he fell for a little actress, behaved vilely to his unfortunate family, as is well known. For some reason chaps go much crazier over actresses than over other women. We're compiling a list of a few leading cases against the time Our Dumb Chums' League orders Herbert Morrison to sling us in the can. The great Stendhal, for instance, once became a grocer's assistant in Marseilles for an actress's sake. Baudelaire's mulatto, the soubrette Jeanne Durand (who never had more than one line to speak at any time—namely "Madame est servie") sent Baudelaire half nuts with despair, and Berlioz also went through hell for some English stage minx, hussy or wanton whose name escapes us. Peg Woffington drove Garrick to rewrite Shakespeare and one look at Ellen Terry sent 1500 chaps in glossy top hats into such a frenzy of madness that they seemed almost alive.

Stand

OUR argument is that being kept in boxes between performances would lessen the power for mischief these brightly-coloured little creatures possess, and they could always have hoops to swing from.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I shan't be a bit surprised if they don't invade us after all—they let us down last time we expected them"



The Art of Disguise: A Few Helpful Suggestions for Our Commandos

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

The Minister of Economic Warfare At Home in Hampshire

The Earl of Selborne, Minister of Economic Warfare, has had over thirty years' experience in politics. As Viscount Wolmer, he was Conservative Member for Newton, Lancs., from 1910 to 1918, and for Aldershot from 1918 till 1940, when he was called to the House of Lords in his father's Barony of Selborne. Shortly before his father's death on February 27th this year, when he became the third Earl of Selborne, he was appointed to his present post in succession to Mr. Hugh Dalton, now President of the Board of Trade. Lord Selborne married a daughter of the first Viscount Ridley, and they have three sons and three daughters. Lady Selborne's nephew, the present Lord Ridley, was recently appointed Director of Producer-Gas Vehicles, by Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport.

*Photographs by
Pictorial Press*



No Escape From the Telephone

Lord Selborne was photographed while spending a short week-end at his home, Temple Manor, on the Blackmore Estate, near Liss, in Hampshire. There he farms some 1500 acres, and grows crops, fruit-trees and hops, besides keeping three dairy herds of cattle

One of the Viewpoints on Lord Selborne's Beautiful Hampshire Estate



Lord and Lady Selborne and the Hon. Edward Palmer

The Hon. Edward Palmer, seen here with his parents in their garden, is the youngest of the Selbornes' six children. He is sixteen, and is at present at Winchester, his father's old school. His two elder brothers are serving in the Army



Lord Selborne Photographs His Wife and Youngest Son

The Apple-trees at Temple Manor Yielded 7000 Bushels of Fruit in 1941



*The "Cox's Orange Pippins"
Grow 3,600 to the Acre*



Three Generations

The Countess of
Westmorland with
Her Daughters and
Grandchild



*The Hon. Mrs. George Ward with Her
Daughter and Stepsister, Lady Rose Fane*



Lady Westmorland and Her Granddaughter, Georgina Anne

The Hon. Mrs. George Ward was Miss Anne Capel, and is the elder daughter of the Countess of Westmorland and the late Captain Arthur Capel, C.B.E. She married, in 1940, Squadron Leader the Hon. George Ward, one of the Earl of Dudley's twin brothers, and their daughter, Georgina Anne, was born in 1941. Lady Westmorland was the Hon. Diana Lister, third daughter of the late Lord Ribblesdale, and married in 1913 Mr. Percy Lyulph Wyndham, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action a year later. Her second husband, Captain Capel, died in 1919, and in 1923 she married the Earl of Westmorland, by whom she has two sons, Lord Burghersh and the Hon. Julian Fane, and one daughter, Lady Rose Fane, who is seen on this page

*Photographs by
Compton Collier*

"Hamlet"

The First Performance of Robert Helpmann's New Ballet
In Aid of Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund



Mrs. Phillips sat next to Mrs. Winston Churchill at the first night of "Hamlet" at the New Theatre. The proceeds of the performance were given to Mrs. Churchill's fund for Russia



M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador, went with Mme. Maisky to "Hamlet," Robert Helpmann's delightful new ballet, which is set to the music of Tchaikovsky



Robert Helpmann gives an impressive performance as Hamlet in his own ballet, with Margot Fonteyn as Ophelia. He was talking after the show with Miss Violet Vanbrugh and her sister, Dame Irene Vanbrugh



Mr. John Mills went to the first night with his wife, the former Miss Hayley Belle, whom he married last year. Already well known on the stage, he made his debut in films in "Britannia of Billingsgate" in 1933



Miss Matilda Etches, who executed the costumes designed for the ballet by Leslie Hurry, smoked a cigarette during the interval with Mr. John Rothenstein. He is the Director and Keeper of the National Gallery



Miss Ninette de Valois, Director of the Ballet, and one of the three choreographers with Robert Helpmann and Frederick Ashton, offered a cigarette to Mr. Cecil Maddon after the show



Major-General Sir John and Lady Kennedy came together to the ballet. He was formerly in the Seaforth Highlanders, and commanded the 26th (Highland) Brigade during the last war



The Marchioness of Donegall, mother of the well-known journalist, wore a black cloak. She is the widow of the fifth Marquess, and is a Canadian



In the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade was Lady Chetwode. She is the wife of Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode



Mrs. Simon Marks and Mrs. Burke were together at the first night. Mrs. Marks is a worker for the Red Cross and St. John, and is vice-president of London district

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Alexander, 356 B.C. : Alexander, 1942

THESE are not the telephone numbers of the two gentlemen concerned, but, if they were, the Exchange would be the same—India. The King of Macedon had the best of it in his time, for he was mainly in the Punjab. The very gallant officer and his troops, who have had to fight their way through Burma into India in a country and in a climate which, for sheer abomination, takes a power of beating, have had the very worst of it. Dry heat in India's summer is bad enough; damp heat quite a hundred per cent. worse. Anywhere in Assam and Bengal it is peculiarly unpleasant, both before and after the burst of the monsoon, which is the descriptive term for such rain as cannot be believed unless you have experienced it. Shade temperature anything from 120 deg. upwards; sun temperature anything you like from 250 deg. upwards; plus leeches, plus that enemy of man the anopheles mosquito, quite as deadly as a cobra and more dangerous than any tiger; that insanity-making disorder, prickly heat; dysentery, cholera, snakes and a whole zoological gardens of very wild beasts, of which elephants are apt to be the most troublesome and tigers the least, because they dislike a noise and a crowd; rotting rhododendrons; jungle as bad as barbed wire; and rain, rain, rain, that mildews the very marrow in the bones. This is a very inadequate picture of what the other Alexander is facing, and on top of it have to be placed all the usual and inevitable hardships of campaigning.

The Owner of Bucephalus

THE only thing which (I hope) the other Alexander is missing is that bucking brute which was owned by the first Alexander. Tradition says that the bull-headed (his name means that same) Bucephalus could perform worse than a Brumby (Australian wild horse), and that only the General could stay with him. Bucephalus is buried at Bucephala (Jhelum),

and they say that his owner was overwhelmed with grief at his loss. There is no accounting for tastes, but from all accounts this thick-necked steed cannot have been a very nice ride. Alexander's retirement down the Indus was not a picnic, but cannot have been as bad as his namesake's from the Chindwin. The Punjab and the N.W.F. have never forgotten The Conqueror, and his troops have left their hall-mark on the peoples of those regions. Alexander married off about eighty of his generals to Indian wives, and the results of these unions remain: Hellenes of Bactria, big, upstanding chaps, with clean-run limbs, flat backs, straight noses, ruddy-brown complexions, brown—not black—hair; absolute models for a Praxiteles. The first Alexander was as fond of Aristotle as is Dr. Joad. I do not know what are the classical tastes of the other Alexander.

Gold Cup and Dancing Time

THE race is not due to be run until July 1st, but, as I find (per post-bag) that so many bored warriors are fond of doing racing puzzles, there can be no great harm done by egging them on to do a few more. The Gold Cup entry, a very good one, incidentally, gives people plenty of scope for working out any ideas they may have. I will suggest a few clues. If you think, as his connections most certainly did, that the unfortunately defunct Sun Castle would have trained on into a Gold Cup winner, then what about Lord Glanely's filly Dancing Time, who was going faster at the finish of the Leger (1 mile 6 furlongs) than either Sun Castle or the runner-up Chateau Larose? She must have won if the race had been over the full distance, i.e., another 132 yards; so how about it? You cannot fault her staying qualities on her pedigree (Colombo—Show Girl, the details too long to go into, but look it up), and only too obviously she has that fine dash of foot which she can pull out when asked for it.



Lawn Tennis in Aid of the Duke of

Flight Lieut. J. S. Olliff was with Sub-Lieut. E. R. Avory, R.N.V.R. Sub-Lieut. Avory, playing with Miss Gem Hoahing, was beaten by Mr. F. J. Piercy and Mrs. M. R. King. Another series of these matches in aid of the Red Cross was played at Roehampton Club on Sunday last, May 31st.

I suggest that this is a little puzzle well worth while in your wartime bore time.

Other Notables

As to a few other celebrities, thinking as I do about Dancing Time, nothing need be said about Chateau Larose, for his position, relative to her, is apparent. Mazarin is a one-pace horse, will stay for a week-end, and is a glutton for battle; but I am sure that the filly is his mistress. I do not know whether anyone feels like trusting the Derby winner Owen Tudor in a long-drawn-out battle. His Leger performance was not encouraging, and, taking his career by and large, it does not inspire the thought that he has any relish for a good old stand-up-and-knock-down fight, but it is always unsafe to forget any horse's best, or that this one is of the highest quality, and good enough for anything. Personally, I do not trust him. Devonian is honest as the day, and a real plodder. He was out in front for a considerable time in the Leger, but the



The Royal Windsor Races Whitsun Meeting in Sunshine and Shower

Exchanging cigarettes and inside information between races are Lieut. Buckmaster and Miss Nelson with two friends. Mr. H. J. Joel, racing for the first time since his father's death, won the Windsor Castle Stakes with his entry, Scorch, ridden by Elliott

In between the showers, Flying Officer Burch, the well-known trainer, talked over the day's racing with Group Captain R. Sugden. The meeting proved a very popular one in spite of the weather and the stands and enclosures were crowded

The large majority of Saturday racegoers were in uniform. The Navy, Army and Air Force were all represented. Here Captain Neubould is seen with Mrs. Berkeley Owen, Major McMullen, the well-known polo player, and Captain Clifton



Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund

Miss Peggy Scriven, Mr. Nigel Sharpe and Mr. H. A. Sabelli were among the spectators at Berrylands, Surbiton, who saw Mrs. Menzies, the former Miss Kay Stammers, and Miss Joan Ingram beat Miss Billie Yorke and Mrs. Vivien



The Duke of Norfolk at Aldenham School

The Duke of Norfolk, who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, recently visited Aldenham School, in Hertfordshire, and watched several of the boys doing agricultural work in the school grounds. This young ploughman managed a pair-horse team. The headmaster of Aldenham, Mr. G. A. Riding, is seen on the right

critics said afterwards that the race was not fast enough either for him or for Mazarin. What is meant by this is that the pace was not solid all the way. If a jockey ever says this, there is always the obvious retort: "Why didn't you remedy it?" There are always two places in which you can wait, in front or behind, and if you have got a real stayer between your knees, why not use him and cut 'em down?" There are many other little clues, which suggest themselves, but these, I think, are some with which to carry on. It has been said that it might not be wise to count out Lord Rosebery's nice colt Ptolemy. Last year, in October, he won a 1½-mile race—the Rutland Handicap—at Newmarket; during April this year he won two 1½-mile races at Newmarket with his mouth open, as you might say, carrying 9-2 and 8-13 each to each; but the form behind him was not exactly red-hot. He was never in sight in the Derby, and the pace in the Leger was said to be too slow for him. Here again, however, we have got to wait for further evidence.

A Good Old Turf Axiom

THIS is it: never forget a horse's best form.

All good handicappers always bear this in mind. Lambert Simnel, who recently won the one-mile Dorset Stakes for four-year-olds at Salisbury very easily indeed, beating a fair field, won last year's Two Thousand equally easily beating a very good one. Backers at Salisbury obviously remembered the old axiom, for the winner started at 13-8 on.

In last year's Two Thousand game little Morogoro (since drowned by enemy action in the Atlantic, when Hippius was also lost) was second, and Sun Castle, the subsequent Leger winner, and now, alas, also defunct, was third. Owen Tudor, the subsequent Derby winner, started a well-backed favourite, but struck his colours when the real pinch came, and only finished fifth behind the Duke of Westminster's second string Sunny Island. Other notables in the field were Orthodox, Devonian, Fairy Prince. On this performance Lambert Simnel was at once made favourite for the Derby, a

course which was quite justifiable. He was soon quoted at a very short price and touched 75-20, his actual S.P. on the day being 4-1. In the race both he and Sun Castle, who was also much fancied, just snuffed out after 9 furlongs.

There was some explanation for the latter, but none for the former. Lambert Simnel, who had made hacks of the best of them in the Two Thousand Guineas, ran like a costermonger's neddy. The winner, as we know, was the 25-1 chance Owen Tudor. The price was quite right on his form. It just happened to be one of his going days, and he had the race won three furlongs from home. Upon this they trusted him once more, but the Leger did not commend itself to him, and he let his supporters down. This season he has come out bright and early and won the 1½-mile Trial Plate at Salisbury by 8 lengths, which means just running away. So, as just remarked, we must never forget any horse's best performance. Lambert Simnel may, therefore, be well worth remembering later on.



D. R. Stuart

Personalities in the Cricketing World

Flight Lieut. J. P. F. Warner, son of Sir Pelham Warner, with R. H. Twining, the old Oxford skipper, who is captaining the M.C.C. XI. against Public Schools, and Major "Gubby" Allen, R.A., the England bowler



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Win in First Wartime Inter-Varsity Golf Match

Cambridge beat Oxford by 7 to 4, with one game halved, at Ashridge Club. A return match is to be played on June 14th. Standing: A. Roper (New, Oxford), W. S. Harris (Clare, Cambridge), I. Lewishu (Trinity, Oxford), R. D. C. Bacon (Trinity, Cambridge), J. Cobb (Trinity, Oxford), D. Staveley-Taylor (New, Oxford), J. R. B. Horden (Pembroke, Cambridge), T. R. Fernie (Selwyn, Cambridge). Sitting: I. D. M. Considine (Clare, Cambridge), P. Needham (Brasenose, Oxford), D. F. Ashton (Trinity, Cambridge; captain), D. C. Lawrie (B.N.C., Oxford; captain), J. E. Pitts (Caius, Cambridge), D. F. Henley (Trinity, Oxford). On ground: G. Gilbey (B.N.C., Oxford), P. A. Turner (Caius, Cambridge)

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

What We Want to Know

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON diagnoses, and does much to disperse, an "anxious bewilderment" on the part of the general public as to the nature and functions, even the aims, of diplomacy. There has been a tendency to regard this subject as esoteric. Degrees of ignorance have, in some quarters, set up prejudice against what looks like a haughty mystery. The extremely simple might wish to dismiss the whole thing as a racket. But we cannot afford to be as simple as all that—and even the mass of us who honour diplomacy could well be better informed.

Diplomacy (The Home University Library: Oxford University Press; 3s.) makes a timely reappearance in these days. I say "reappearance," because the book, actually written in 1938, was first published in 1939. This is the third reprint. I only mention dates because these increase rather than lessen the value of much that Mr. Nicolson says. Special, and painful, point has been given to his analysis of the trend of German diplomacy. "Since this book was first published," he says in his opening note, "Nazi diplomacy has provoked the Second German War. It is no satisfaction for me to observe that my original analysis of the purposes and methods of German and Italian diplomacy has been so amply confirmed."

Diplomacy does not "date" because it is, in the best sense, not topical. The analysis of the methods, in this field, of the four great Powers—England, France, Germany, Italy—is no more than a brief, though intensely interesting, subsection of what is, in the main, a history and definition of diplomacy and a study of its powers. As to its future, he throws out no suggestion that, after three war years, one can dismiss. His wish that the Diplomatic and Consular Services should be fused seems likely to be realised after the war.

Mr. Nicolson attributes much of the fuzziness of the popular ideas about diplomacy to a failure to distinguish between *policy* and *negotiation*. The foreign policy of a democratic country is a matter for the Cabinet to decide, with the approval of the elected representatives of the people. But the putting of a policy into execution becomes an affair of negotiation—in fact, the affair of the professional diplomat. How essentially diplomacy is a profession (in the sense that the practice of law or medicine are professions), with its own tradition and precedents, its necessities for access to special knowledge and the discipline only got by specific training, Mr. Nicolson makes abundantly clear. English mistrust of professionalism (outside a narrow area) goes deep: we are inclined to suspect it. But should we really be prepared to entrust the interests of our country abroad (as we should certainly not entrust our health or our money) to a collection of gifted amateurs? Fortunately—do we realise how, fortunately?—

there is so far no question of this. Diplomacy, as we learn from these pages, offers no place for the amateur. Gifts, if you wish—but amateurishness, no.

Clear Explanation

"DIPLOMACY" is admirably constructed, comprehensible and concise. It is a book for the intelligent person who has, at the same time, no special or inside knowledge, and who may have been more puzzled than he cared to confess. Few of us are young enough to adopt the wide-eyed manner and say to the diplomat: "But what do you really do?" For those who like minutiae, Mr. Nicolson gives a picture of an ambassador's average (peacetime) day. The book, however, is planned to satisfy something a good deal more serious than the curiosity of the young thing. Having defined diplomacy, the first chapter gives, briefly, its origins. With the Greeks and Romans it was rudimentary and ad hoc, though often able enough. The diplomatic idea, as we know it, may be said to have started with the Renaissance, and in this field, for some time, the subtle Italians led. In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the position of ambassadors was ill defined; at foreign courts they were often glorified spies. They had sometimes (as in the case of Lord Malmesbury at the Court of Catherine of Russia) to involve themselves in flirtations, and always at great expense, for which little return was made. It was not until the Congress of Vienna, 1815, that the diplomatic services were finally established, and the representation of the Powers put upon an agreed basis.



Yvonne Gregory

Sir Walter Layton's Actress Daughter

Miss Olive Layton, one of Sir Walter and Lady Layton's four daughters, is a young actress of considerable promise. For some time she has been working in repertory, and has recently completed an extensive tour throughout the country. Sir Walter is Chairman of the War Production General Staff and Chairman of the "News Chronicle" and "Star" newspapers. His home is at Furner's Green, near Uckfield.

This basis, which holds good to the present day, Mr. Nicolson methodically explains. (He has a helpful manner of summing-up the contents of one chapter before he embarks on the next.) "The Development of Diplomatic Theory," "The Transition from the Old Diplomacy to the New," "Democratic Diplomacy" and "Recent Changes in Diplomatic Practice," are headings to much information.

Our own responsibilities are borne in on us—and I feel that this should be taken to heart. We—you and I—as individual voters, are responsible for our country's commitments. We too often (virtually) put our names to documents that we have not read, then, too late, demand that the contents of the documents be declared null and void.

"The Ideal Diplomatist" makes an excellent chapter. Mr. Nicolson enumerates seven essential qualities—truth, accuracy, calm, patience, good temper, modesty and loyalty. He paints the dangers attendant on lack of any of these. The book closes with a glossary of diplomatic language, in which expressions slurred by too careless usage are exactly defined.

Twins

TWINS are a famous topic. Would you like to have twins? Would you like to be one? Have all twins got something in common—i.e., is there a sort of generic "twin character"? How many good stories about twins (telepathy, etc.) do you know? Why should some pairs of twins be as like as two peas, and others hardly like each other at all? Are all twins dead nuts on each other, bound

(Concluded on page 312)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

A GOOD "blood-boil" is sometimes a tonic for the soul. The

By Richard King

world has got into such an unbecomingly pass these years that one is inclined to shrug one's moral shoulders, and shrugging moral shoulders, which has become a habit, is a sure sign of loss of vitality. A kind of "can't-be-bothered" elevated into a philosophy.

Well, my own blood was boiling furiously the other morning soon after the break of dawn. And all on account of a little thrush which suddenly broke the stillness of very early morning by a song so beautiful that, in this noisy, war-ridden old world in which we live, it was like the echo of some divine music which long, long ago we once heard in a dream. Its song was brief, but, even so, it seemed to cast a spell over the earth which only the advent of human beings could dispel. (And, indeed, can't human beings destroy spells?)

Then suddenly I remembered having read in growing anger a newspaper which told me that in the London market thrushes were fetching three shillings a brace and two larks one shilling and sixpence. I tried to calm my fury by remembering that we were at war and food none too plentiful—not luxury food, that is. But I also remembered that we were not within sight of starvation, that our belts were still quite loose; that we had yet a long, long way to go before anything would justify any of us eating larks and thrushes. And from that

remembrance, by a series of quick, direct stages, I came to the conclusion

that those who kill such enchanting birds for profit and those who eat them from sheer, vulgar gluttony, I would gladly put up against the wall any dawn and take my place in the firing squad. For these unspeakable people can be of no good to the world, and those who have proved themselves no good in a world, especially at war, will surely prove themselves an ugly clog in the Better World which, pray Heaven, will come after the war. And this being so, a good wall, this type of human being and an expert firing squad seem a very happy solution to post-war problems.

We want a world which all decent people will shape for other decent people, and those who remain outside to promulgate their greed, their beastliness, their low cunning and their lower instincts had better be sent on a long, long journey. The way will be sufficiently steep and difficult as it is. Let the world have beauty as well as peace.

Civilisation is as much a question of the mind as of bodily freedom and ease. And the truly civilised, it seems to me, do not destroy or pollute the countryside; they consider kindness preferable to aristocracy; they shun blood sports and have only contempt for the rich or the poor who are ostentatiously bad-mannered and vulgar. Neither, unless actually starving, do they ever eat thrushes and larks.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Power—Thompson

Michael Christopher Thomas Power, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Power, of Arklow, Eire, married Joyce Thompson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of 122, Hall Road, Norwich, at St. Mark's, Lakenham, Norwich



Ingram—Kirke

Lieutenant-Commander John Charles Antony Ingram, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ingram, of Hermanus, South Africa, married Pamela Mary Kirke, daughter of General Sir Walter and Lady Kirke, of Oaks Cottage, Eton, Surrey, at All Saints', Willey, Surrey



Jones—Thorne

Lieut. Roger N. Jones, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Hamlyn Jones, of the Vicarage, Pevensey, Sussex, and Margaret Felicitie Thorne, daughter of the late W. H. Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, late of St. Albans and London, were married at Epsom Parish Church



de Grey—Irwin

Roger de Grey, R.A.C., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Nigel de Grey, of Barton's Farm, Plaxtol, Kent, and Flavia Irwin, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clinton Irwin, of Silver Bridge, North Chidlock, Bridport, were married at St. Peter-in-the-East, Oxford



Spence—Napier

Captain E. S. C. Spence, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. G. Spence, of Ardreck Gardens, Crieff, married Margaret Esme Scott Napier, only daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. A. F. S. Napier, of the Old Court House, Yetminster, Dorset, at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens



Viney—Morris

Captain Laurence Waller Merriam Viney, The Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry, second son of Colonel and Mrs. O. V. Viney, of Bierton House, Aylesbury, married Eirlys Morris, elder daughter of Capt. H. S. Morris, of Carmarthen, South Wales, and the late Mrs. Morris, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Northey—Belford

Lieut. Adrian Paul Wilbraham Northey, D.S.C., R.N., second son of the late Lieut.-Col. A. C. Northey and Mrs. Northey, of Datchet, Bucks., married Elizabeth Doreen Belford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Belford, of Green Gates, Beaconsfield Road, Woolton, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Foster—Urquhart

William R. B. Foster, younger son of the late Colonel H. A. Foster, and Mrs. Foster, of Faskally, Pitlochry, and Queensbury, Yorks., and Jean Leslie Urquhart, daughter of the late Leslie Urquhart, and of Mrs. Urquhart, of Wheatlands, Crockham Hill, Kent, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Little—van Meurs

Wing Commander James Hayward Little, D.F.C., second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas Little, of Ethandune, Hoylake, Cheshire, married Sheila van Meurs, only daughter of Mr. Johann H. van Meurs, of 13, Eccleston Street, S.W., and the late Mrs. van Meurs, at Caxton Hall

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 298)

The report of the County Director, Miss Blanche Buxton, referred to the usefulness, courage and efficiency of their members during air raids, and the County Controller, Major F. B. Hitchcock, M.C., reported that, compared with other counties in England, especially as regards mobilised members, Essex stood very high.

Since the request that the Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John should become a joint organisation for all war purposes, a Joint Committee had been formed, and Major Hitchcock remarked that some idea of the scope of their work might be obtained from the fact that their expenditure was in the neighbourhood of £30,000 a year.

The County Secretary, Captain L. F. Bevington, reported that over £10,000 was raised as a result of the Red Cross flag day in Essex last year, which placed the county seventh in the whole country. The Aid To Russia flag day produced £7200.

Big Wedding

THERE was an enormous crowd to see the Master of Forbes marry Miss Rosemary Hamilton-Russell at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, including the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood, uncle of the bride, who is the daughter of the late Lord Boyne, and of Lady Boyne, of Burwarton House, Bridgnorth. The bridegroom, who is in the Grenadier Guards, is the only son of Lord and Lady Forbes, of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire.

The bride was given away by her brother, Major the Hon. Richard Hamilton-Russell, 17th/21st Lancers, and was attended by three children, Henry Clive, the Hon. Patrick Anson and James Hamilton-Russell.

Among the many people there, and at the reception afterwards, were Lord and Lady Forbes, the bridegroom's parents, the bride's mother, Lady Boyne, Lady Diana Hamilton-Russell, Sir Alan and Lady Lascelles, Miss Lavinia Lascelles, Sir George Ogilvie Forbes, Lady Anson, Lady Brabourne, Miss Rosemary Beckwith-Smith, Captain and Mrs. Reginald Coke, Mrs. Archer Clive, Mrs. Douglas-Pennant, the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple (who is working in a factory and earning elevenpence-halfpenny an hour), Mr. Robin Duff, Sir Algernon and Lady Earle, Sir Henry and Lady Aubrey Fletcher, Lady Violet Gregson, Captain and Mrs. Eric Cooper-Key, Lord Edward Hay, Lord and Lady Rotherwick, Lord Sempill, Mrs. Kenyon Slaney, and many more friends and relations.

Post-War London

MRS. EDWARD MAUFE, herself an interior decorator and wife of the architect of Guildford Cathedral, half-built and waiting for peace, told me the other day that there are already a mass of plans for a new London. Mr. Maufe is an A.R.A., vice-president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and on the Royal Academy's committee for the reconstruction of London, which has some original ideas, and is trying specially to think of ways to reduce road accidents.

For instance, there is the idea of having roads through the town, for through traffic only, others exclusive to urban traffic. And sort of arcades closed except at proper crossing places, instead of open pavements which people can step off wherever they like.



A Wedding at Nairn

The marriage of Captain Brian Stair Middleton Carson, the Highland Light Infantry, and Miss Jean Aileen Chandos Blair took place on May 23rd at St. Columba's, Nairn. He is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Carson, of St. Oswald's, Kilmacollm, Renfrewshire, and the bride is the only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Arthur Blair, of Drumdelnies, Nairn, where the reception was held.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 310)

by a psychic loyalty, or is it true that some twins are rivals, and jealous? Do twins run in families? What about Siamese twins, and how do these get on in the world? What about triplets, quadruplets, quintuplets? Do you know anyone who has seen the Dionnes?

All these questions, idle or scientific, are answered by Dr. Horatio Hackett Newman—and he answers a dozen more that I should not know how to frame. He is Professor of Zoology at the University of Chicago; twins are his special subject; his research has been endless; his data is most impressive. *Twins and Super-Twins* (Hutchinson's Scientific Publications; 10s. 6d.) cannot fail, I think, to be a popular book. It disposes of a number of fallacies and produces a number of striking facts; it is at once instructive and entertaining. Homely, real-life stories are interspersed with statistics, and photograph portraits with diagrams.

I could not fairly summarise some of the chapters without being too biological for this page. Twins are to be classified in two groups—one-egg and two-egg twins. The latter variety are not really twins at all, but are merely two brothers, two sisters, or a brother and sister who happen to be born at the same time. Twins of different sexes are always two-egg, and do not resemble each other more closely than might ordinary brother and sister. (Which blows up the romantic plot of many excellent stories, from *Twelfth Night* on.) "Identical" twins are always one-egg; they are always of the same sex, and their resemblance to one another is closer than appears to the eye. In some cases there is "mirror imaging"—i.e., the twins complement and balance each other, one being left-handed, the other right, one having hair that grows in a clockwise, the other in a counter-clockwise, whorl.

Curiosities

THERE is a chapter on Siamese twins. I am still haunted, not quite agreeably, by the photograph of the (English) Hiltons, Daisy and Violet, with their moist, wistful dark eyes and cascades of crimped hair. Any problems they presented to their dressmaker have been skillfully overcome: Daisy and Violet are draped with artistic folds. Triplets, quadruplets and quintuplets lead up to Nature's crowning achievement, the Dionnes. The Dionnes are one-egg quintuplets, it appears. They are also (Dr. Newman opines) one of Canada's greatest assets, bringing in more money than the Niagara Falls. The long section about them is fascinating; it tells one practically everything one wants to know.

In Canada twins not only form clubs, but attend rallies. Given the vast size of the United States, it is surprising how many twins separated at birth, and, in some cases, unaware that they were twins, have succeeded in coming across each other. Esther and Ethel, Edwin and Fred, and the Two Paul Harolds were among many who had dramatic reunions. In reply to enquirers who like the idea of a ready-made family, Dr. Newman says firmly that there is no known method by which twins can be induced.

Cheer Up

ANOTHER American book (full, I felt, of national colour) is Mrs. Dorée Smedley's *You're Only Young Twice* (Werner Laurie; 8s. 6d.). This is a book for matrons who were on the verge of falling into despair, or who, worse, were in a state of indifference about their looks. Mrs. Smedley herself has had an interesting history: she sailed into the limelight as a "transformed woman." *Good Housekeeping* magazine selected her to be the subject of an experiment; she was metamorphosed, in a startling short time, from a depressed housewife into a dazzling, dashing brunette. Her "before" and "after" photographs are shown.

Mrs. Smedley has since then carried the torch of hope round hundreds of women's clubs in the United States. She now does further services to her sex by publishing this inspiring book. She extends a lifeline through the dementia of shopping. She is out to deter readers from their attempts to starve, pound or boil themselves into slimmness. She is an advocate of persuasive corseting, renewed social contacts, modified outdoor romping, nice thoughts and, generally, strength (with attendant beauty) through joy. I must say that some of her illustrations—defective figure-types made worse by "wrong" dressing—thoroughly got me down. They all seemed to resemble me.

Living Pictures

THIS war will have its pictorial, as well as its written, history. Our painters have mobilised, recording with pen and brush the fantastic realities of the last three years. In a picture there must be, besides truth, a touch of imagination. And, as the art of the camera progresses, imagination appears in the photograph—in the choice of angle, of lighting, and, most of all, in the camera's power to capture what is significant. It seems likely that some of our classical war-pictures will be photographs.

Meet "The Common People," compiled by Edward Carrick, with a Commentary by Gerry Bradley (Studio Publications; 8s. 6d.), offers outstanding examples of linked drama and truth. The photographs in it are taken from documentary films—and the excellence of our "documentaries" is known. The book is a photographic summary of civilian England's years at war. It contains no horrors, no obvious pathos and not a single hackneyed scene—yet its appeal is to the heart as much as the eye. "The common people," the ordinary people of England, have been photographed at their unconscious moments—moments when they expressed themselves without knowing. There are, too, ships, buildings, cornfields, chimneys against the sky. With an effect of rhythm, the pictures follow each other.



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The HIGHWAY *of* FASHION

by
M. E. BROOKE



RAINY-DAY FASHIONS IN CHEERFUL COLOURS

Passing events exert a strong influence on fashion. Mackintoshes had well-nigh passed into the limbo of things forgotten. Now they have come to the fore again owing to the shortage of petrol, and the regulations regarding motoring, which make walking a necessity, no matter the state of the weather. Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., have assembled a comprehensive collection of the same, decorative as well as practical, two of which are portrayed on this page. On the left there is a model which is primarily destined for rain-walkers in town and will keep them perfectly dry. It is featherweight and a cheerful study in grey and blue, the scheme being completed with a detachable youthful hood. The other model is in a Scotch plaid. The sleeves are full, so that it can easily be slipped on and does not crush the garment over which it is worn. In these salons signposts direct the shoppers to the various kinds of weather protectors, hence no time is wasted in looking for the particular type of coat needed.

COATS OF "GORSAN" SCOTCH TWEED

Rodex coats have long been known as representing all that is best in travel and country wraps, and even though the war has been with us for nearly three years no deterioration has taken place in them, and they are still to be found at stores of prestige. These coats are carried out in the best tweeds obtainable, including the "Gorslan," whose birthplace is Scotland. The colour schemes are bright. There are other tweed coats in checks and plain, to say nothing of those of camel hair, and then there are the Llamoval curl coats, which always make a direct appeal to women who know a good thing when they see it. All the Rodex coats are so admirably cut that they have a slimming effect on the figure. Naturally too much cannot be said in favour of their tailoring and finish. There are capes which are likewise sponsored by this firm.

Glad News!

The new paperless Eugène Sachets are now in the hands of all leading hairdressers. So you can have your Eugène wave. It is the same quality that you have always known.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE new maid had been in the situation for one week, and the mistress had a few words with her.

"When I engaged you," she said, "you told me you were never tired."

"That's right," was the cheerful reply.

"But I've caught you asleep in the kitchen three afternoons this week."

"Well," was the complacent reply, "I should be tired if I never went to sleep."

WITH an air of haughty disdain, a passenger watched a train pull up to the platform.

"Is that my train, porter," he asked for the tenth time.

"No, sir," was the reply. "It belongs to the railway company."

"Don't be insolent," snapped the passenger. "I want to know if I have to take that train to Edinburgh."

"You needn't do that, sir," assured the porter. "That's what we've got the locomotive for."

THE lady of the house was "making do" with a daily charwoman in place of a maid. The char was a garrulous soul, as chars frequently are, and it was not long before she told her employer all her life story.

"So you have been married before, Mrs. Higgs?" asked the mistress.

"Yes, mum, I 'ave," replied Mrs. Higgs, "and if it pleases 'eaven to take this one, too, I know where I can lay me 'ands on a fourth."



"What are you waiting for—got stuck on a bit o' chewing-gum?"

A SCOTTISH church held a self-denial week. At the end of the week, one of the members handed over a donation of five shillings and threepence, all in threepenny pieces.

"Tell me, Jock," said the parson, "how is it your contribution is in threepenny bits?"

"Well, ye see, sir, it's my custom to have three whiskies and sodas every day, but as we were holding a self-denial week I felt I must give up something."

Then, nodding towards the small coins: "These are the sodas, sir."

THE editor of an American newspaper dropped into a special afternoon service for the first time for many years. He listened to the service for a while and then rushed to his office.

"What are you fellows doing?" he shouted. "How about the news from the seat of war?"

"What news?" asked the sub-editor.

"Why, all about the Egyptian army being drowned in the Red Sea."

WORKING in a munition factory, a man got his coat caught in a revolving wheel. He was whisked up and whirled round and round till the foreman managed to switch off the machine. The workman fell to the ground and up rushed the foreman.

"Speak to me, speak to me," he said, in great agitation.

The victim looked up. "Why should I," he said. "I passed you six times just now, and you didn't speak to me!"

MEETING the village "black sheep" in an advanced state of intoxication, the kind old vicar said sadly:

"Oh, John, and the last time I met you, you made me so happy because you were sober. Now you have made me unhappy because you have been drinking."

"That's right, sor," replied John, beaming. "Today it's my turn to be h-hic-happy."

*Every Scrap of Your Paper is Needed
Don't Waste It!*

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Hate at Height

THE nice, kind, good, lovable, harmless—but grossly ill-treated—Germans are returning. Munich days are here again—or were very nearly a fortnight ago.

Herbert (*Daily Mirror*) Morrison started it by saluting the nice, kind Germans in his subsequently celebrated Blackpool speech. Consciences of a feather flock together, and the Duke of Bedford added his own special hurrah for the herrenvolk by conferring his approval on Mr. Morrison's Giant Racer speech and all. The clergy and correspondents to *The Times* have supported the aid to Aryans movement by condemning the inculcation of hate in the British Army's assault schools.

It seems that if one must stick a bayonet into a nice, kind, good, lovable German, one should do it with charity and compassion, a faint feeling of regret and a beatific expression. It ought, in fact, to hurt you more than it hurts the nice, kind, good, lovable German.

In air fighting the part that hate plays is less readily determined than in fighting on the ground. It certainly plays a part as any one who has read the numerous first-hand accounts of fighting in the air by fighting pilots will know.

Obviously in air fighting the aim must be to maintain the highest possible accuracy of flying and firing. But when a horde of Focke-Wulf 190's are roaring down on a few Spitfires, the pilots in the Spitfires are apt to find themselves in a rather less cool and detached state than the dignitaries of the Church seem to demand.

Then the problem is so to direct the emotional condition as to cause it to help, or at any rate not to hinder, the flying and fighting. My own experience, when enemy machines turned their guns on to me in the air, is that they produce a sharp fright and that it is essential to canalise this fright into aggressiveness (which contains a flavouring of hate) if there is to be much hope of victory in the battle.

These matters can be determined only by the psychologists, and it is to be presumed that the manners and modes of the Army assault schools are based on their recommendations. In the air, at any rate, my own fighting experience says that there must be an aggressive spirit in the pilot if he is to save himself and shoot down the enemy.

We may admire the abstract idea of fighting in the air (or on the ground) while maintaining a spiritual and emotional calm such as is engendered in a dimly lit cathedral while soft organ music is being played, but we must also recognise the idea does not work in actual combat.

Practice

I REPEAT that only the psychologist can say whether the Army assault school methods are right or wrong; but I am inclined to think that all troops, including those whose job is fighting in the air, should be given such practice as can be devised in canalising their emotions and so responding to the noise and sight of battle as to hit back effectively.

To the fighting pilot, the first time he hears enemy guns turned on him in action is a harsh moment. Even the first experience of close anti-aircraft fire is nasty. I do not think it likely that at such a moment his fighting efficiency will be improved by considering how nice and kind the Germans are.

I would like to see some parallel arrangement to the Army assault schools in the air. I would like to see live ammunition used in practice combats if a means could be devised for securing enough safety for both instructor and pupil. In short my own reaction to the aid for Aryans movement is to suggest that the Army's assault school technique should be studied with a view to incorporating such features of it as are possible in operational air training.

Engine Drivers or What

AT one time they all used to want to become engine drivers when they grew up; then they all wanted to become air pilots. Now things are changing and—if children retain the hard-headed and business-like qualities which seem to be their outstanding characteristic—they will want to be form-fillers-in.

For the world of the future is going to go to the filler-in of forms. He is the man who will control the comings and goings of humanity, he is the man who will amass wealth and achieve fame. It is a specialised art. Ability in it is needed more, perhaps, in aviation than in anything else. The aircraft manufacturers maintain armies of people who fill in their forms for them. The commanding officers of the operational squadrons, even, have to spend a good deal of time in their offices on what is sometimes politely described as "paper work."

Civil aviation before the war was a bog of forms. We have had the stone age and the iron age, and we have now reached the form age. Nothing can be done without the "appropriate" form, a document which, to the demented filler-in, never does seem appropriate.

It would be an advantage if we could set it as one of the peace aims to free civil aviation from forms and to keep it free of them. Such a step would give it a chance it has never yet had.

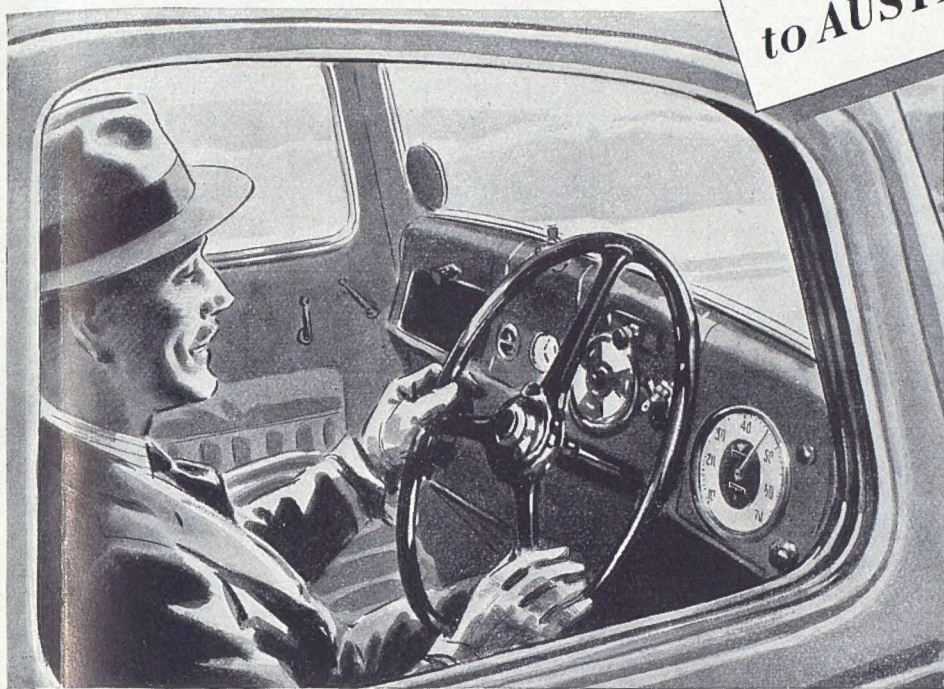
Jimmy Doolittle

MOST of those who have been in British aviation for any length of time know Jimmy Doolittle, either directly or through his great reputation as a pilot. His most recent achievement, which won him the Congressional Medal, is his greatest. Yet long before that he had done feats which give him a permanent place and a high one in aeronautical history.

But that raid on objectives in Japan itself was a masterpiece of planning. A lot of damage was done to the enemy and not the least was in the way the attack shook some of the confidence of the Japanese in their own invulnerability. They thought they had surrounded themselves with a sufficient band of sea or land over which they held sway to ensure that targets in the cities of Japan would not be attacked. They suddenly found otherwise, and to this day they do not seem to understand how the job was done.

It must be confessed that it is a first-class puzzle. And that is, in reality, a further tribute to the planner and leader of it.

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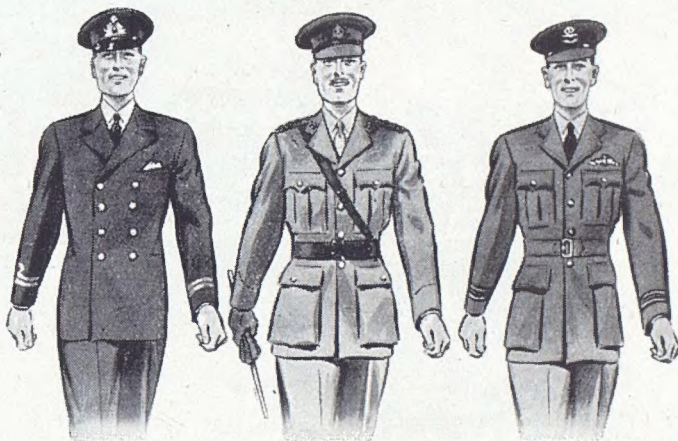
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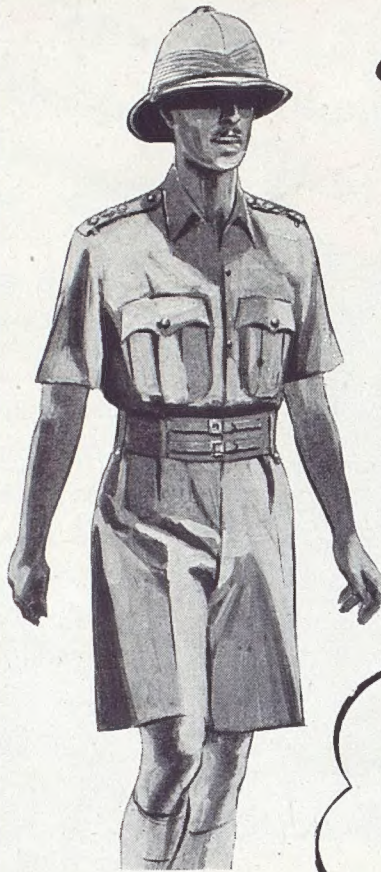
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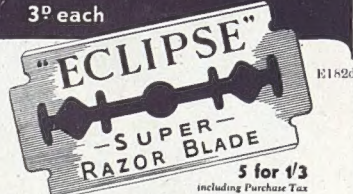
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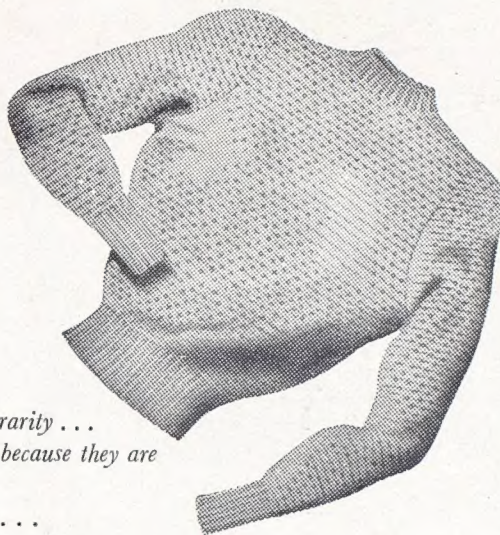
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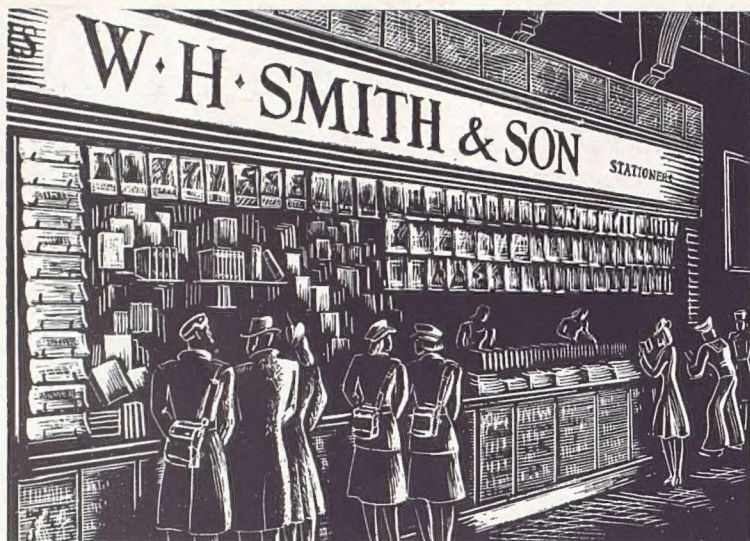
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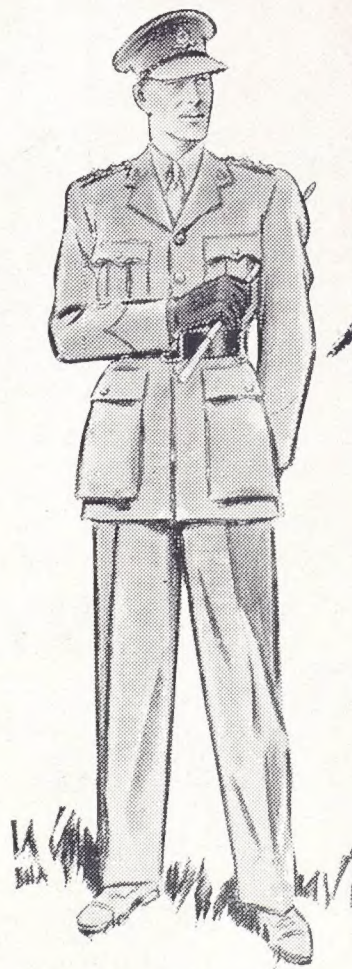
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